

NUMBER 338

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hen is a bathroom not a bathroom? When it's a love nest. The bathtub makes an uncomfortable bed, but a great place for some warm water and a foot job. Martin's a lucky dude to get a long slow blow job and a warm wet pussy to put his dick into. For something new and exciting to him, Welly wants him to cum on her feet.







































The ins and outs of good sex, from passionate pussy techniques to giving fabulous head

As a professional girl who sells sex to men, I'm well aware of the fascination with which most horny dudes regard my profession. It all stems from a yearning most guys have for perfect sex—something their wives or girlfriends can't or won't .give them but which they know can be bought for a price.

It may seem perfect to my clients, but it really isn't. It's just an act—clever, thrilling, accomplished, but still an act, carefully rehearsed many times for maximum effect.

The truth is that hookers like me who really know their job are great actresses. They can simulate personal sex joy and thrills so well that every client gets the impression he must be one of the most accomplished studs in the world. Why else would a whore gasp and scream with ecstasy, tremble with raw passion, shower him with compliments, and plead with him to give it to her but good?

The truth is that if a hooker does not display energetic signs of personal enjoyment as she sucks and fucks, then the client who has paid good money for her services is being ripped off. She's an amateur who's stealing a pro's pay, and the guy should complain.

But although I act like a bitch in heat with every client, whether he's a great cocksman or not, an occasional customer will suddenly appear and genuinely do it for me sexually. There was this muscular blond dude I'll call Larry, who offered me \$500 for a couple of hours in his hotel room before catching a plane back to an oil rig he was supervising in Alaska. Larry's fucking technique, masculinity and magnificent sexual equipment were the answer to a girl's dreams.

After I had stripped him lovingly right down to the buff with my expert hands, and he was standing there with his king-size cock gloriously erect and ready, I began to undress myself. "No, don't do that!" he said, grinning, as I unsnapped my bra

to display my 38-inch breasts. "I'm gonna do it myself."

He pulled me onto the bed, unfastened my bra, and watched my tits bounce free. He stared with obvious admiration at my rising nipples. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed, as he bent his head to kiss and suck them. Then he pulled my panties down over my butt cheeks and his mouth slid down to my naked belly and shaved snatch. I groaned with genuine pleasure as his probing tongue parted my outer lips and roamed around my rising clit. He looked up at me, his lips wet with my love juices.

"Baby, I can tell that you're good and ready," he said, and without further preliminaries he parted my thighs and slid his swollen cock into my quivering pussy.

I knew from his conversation at the bar that he had banged hookers before and he wasn't fooled by phony passion, however professionally it was played. He knew mine wasn't phony on that special occasion. For a change it was one-hundred percent for real.

His dick slammed into me and my hips reared up against him. I concentrated on squeezing his cock inside my vagina as tightly as I knew how, and on grinding my hips and pussy against his massive balls as he thrust .up and down mightily. I squirmed and thrashed beneath him, enjoying every second. My fingernails raked his back in frantic passion. My knees came up to his shoulder yearning for deeper thrusts, and my thighs squeezed his sides and ass.

I saw the look of pleasant surprise on his face as he increased his tempo and finally brought me to four genuine, shuddering orgasms in rapid succession before coming himself and shooting his tremendous streams of cum inside me. I had become so turned on by his technique that I writhed in the fifth and most mind-boggling orgasm of all as he exploded.



Two hours later, after we had reveled in pussy licking, cocksucking and a dozen other techniques and positions, we lay on the damp rumpled sheets as I fondled his limp cock and thought, "I could go on fucking with him forever—and for free." I told Larry that any time he felt like a repeat performance I would pay him. And I meant it!

Studs like him can play havoc with the mercenary sex schemes of chicks like me. They're an irresistible menace to girls who love to rent it out. Normally, though, when a sexhungry guy hands over money to me as payment for satisfying his natural urges, I certainly don't behave like a frigid shrew in his company. I don't cross my legs, button up my mouth and clasp my hands behind me. I don't yawn, watch and fiddle with my hair, file my nails, or powder my nose while he gets it up and bangs me.

Instead, I honestly try to give him the most pleasurable, mind-blowing sex he has ever experienced, concentrating my entire considerable hooker's expertise on satisfying his every desire. I encourage him to express those desires too. As soon as the mutually agreed-to amount of folding money has changed hands, I ask him eagerly and with genuine interest what kind of sex he yearns for, and I explain that I have a great pride in my work and intend to give him the very best of anything he wants.

After certain work-up preliminaries that I initiate, I ask him if he would like me to deep-throat him while he fondles my tits, rubs my clit and massages my butthole. Would he prefer to 69, do it with himself on top of me or me on top of him? Would he prefer to get it on side by side, or in a combination of wild and thrilling positions after I give him head and bring him to the brink a few times?

Has he ever wanted it doggie style, with my ass in the air and my hands squeezing his dangling nuts? Does he dream of fucking me up the ass, sliding his hard cock in and out of my tight bunghole?

I rattle off such lovers' delights with a smile of encouragement and without any girlish embarrassment, and I get a big kick out of watching his eyes widen with appreciation and anticipated lust. Often I can tell that no woman worth a guy's magnificent manhood has ever been sexually liberated enough to throw such intriguing sexual possibilities his way. I promise to give him anything he wants and to send him on his way supremely satiated.

And I keep that promise, whether my client is a teenager anxious to pick up some tips from a pro, or a balding, middle-aged dude whose wife would rather sleep than suck him. Speaking of which, the sad truth is that the single sex act asked for more than any other when a guy goes to a hooker like me is oral. Sixty-five percent of my customers prefer it to anything else—usually as starters, with other techniques to follow—if they can manage it.

Only one guy in two can come for a second or third time within an hour after firing off his load into my mouth. But I figure it's my job to give every guy the opportunity to try. As a dedicated hooker, I believe in giving full value for the money.

Hookers who are superstars have a mind-boggling number of passionate pussy techniques to use, not only for giving the client the best satisfaction during a particular trick but also to keep him happy and lusting for more. I like to see them coming back again and again as repeat customers.

I'll say it again so it will sink in right to the hilt: most men who hire hookers want to be sucked off. But a surprising number are nervous about admitting it, even when encouraged to let it all out. What can a girl do about a shy guy? She doesn't wait; she kneels, opens his fly, and with stars in her eyes she takes his dick out, puts it into her mouth and sucks, fondling his balls at the same time. Usually the only interruption to occur during that preliminary demonstration is when the guy with-



draws his throbbing cock to drop his pants.

There are a hundred tricks I use to increase a man's sensitivity during oral sex. One standard technique is to kiss and lick the man all over his body, from the top of his head to the tips of his toes, finally zeroing in on his dick as it rises to its magnificent size. A girl can make a real production out of this concentrated kissing and licking, and by the time she does reach his tool it's already set to splatter her face with his cum.

So she encircles his cock with her fingers and thumb just under the crown. She squeezes gently and waits for about half a minute, until that terrific urge to blow his wad has subsided. Then she tantalizes him with the exquisite delights of expert cocksucking.

The way I do it drives them wild. Still holding the dude's cock lightly by the head to stall any premature explosions, I nuzzle it with my lips and tongue, probing and brushing the tip, licking and kissing the super sensitive underside where the sensitive nerves are concentrated.

Nibbling carefully with my teeth at the tip of his rod also gets a guy highly excited. And by this time he's straining to shove his dick right inside my mouth and down my throat. So, still wearing my angelic smile, I ask him gently whether he wants to come at that time or make it last longer.

Usually he just about manages to gasp that one word "come," so I remove my fingers from his cock and take the head completely into my mouth, pursing my lips tightly around his swollen rod to give him maximum friction as I bob my head up and down. My lip strokes get longer and longer along his shaft as I let him shove it nearer and nearer to my throat. I draw in my cheeks, doubling the suction all around his dick.

Suddenly he groans in ecstasy and explodes inside my mouth, grasping me by the head so that I won't withdraw and let his cum splatter my face instead of letting it trickle down my throat. I keep sucking, making sure he enjoys every second of his massive orgasm. When he's given me every last drop and has stopped jerking, I slowly release his writhing cock and begin to slide up his belly and chest until we're face to face. I'm still smiling radiantly and he's still writhing with after-ecstasy.

I shower him with compliments and kisses and ask him if he wants me to blow him again, because it's the fastest way of getting him up for a second, third or even fourth time. If he says yes, but this time he would like to shove it in my cunt before coming again, I work him up with my mouth again and ease off when he's good and stiff. Then I move into whatever position he likes for regular fucking or for anal sex.

But going back to blowjobs as the favorite technique among my clients, some of them ask for "specials," which hookers describe as "hot toddies." That means we trench them after taking in a mouthful of hot water, thus applying sensual heat to their cocks. Other guys prefer me to spread oil of wintergreen or oil of peppermint on their dicks. They say this helps them make it last longer and also produces the wildest tingling sensation, just like I'm using a vibrator inside my mouth.

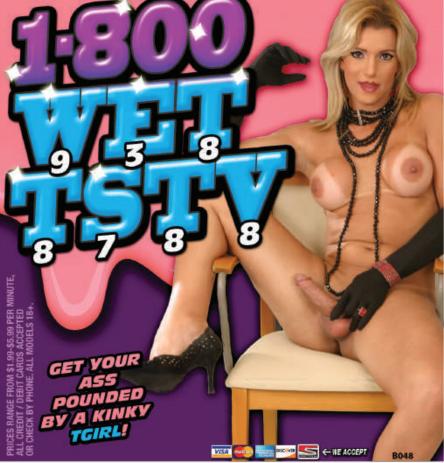
Speaking of vibrators, I must mention that unlike the amateurish opposition, really dedicated hookers use vibrating devices a lot on their clients. One ingenious unit straps on the back of my hand and I caress the guy all over his naked body with it, lingering between his legs. I get him squirming with prolonged sensual delight and I know how to combine this with oral sex, anal sex or straight fucking in a number of ways.

One favorite vibrator trick with my clients is to have the guy drive his cock into my pussy from behind. Then I switch my vibrator on and hold my hand against my crotch. The guy can feel his central nervous system responding with wild sexual delight to this smooth treatment.

Often the average first-class client-first time with me, that







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is—has a great need to relax before enjoying what he's paying for, so I make it a point to help him. Usually I get him to lie on the bed, stripped down to his boxers, while I fix him a drink. Not too stiff a drink, though, since generous too much alcohol can play hell with a guy's hard-on.

While he's finishing the drink, I start to strip in front of him, taking it off with all the sizzling sensuality of a professional stripper (which I was before I became a hooker). I go through the striptease with my legs spread apart so he can admire my smooth muscular ass and thighs and gaze at my pussy, tantalizingly half-hidden by my skimpy panties.

I turn my back to him and bend over while I'm taking off the panties so he gets a good view from the back of my tempting ass. Then I bend over him, releasing my bra so he can watch my titties spill out and see them hang above his face, making his lips ache to reach up and suck them.

Next I lie down next to him, now completely nude, and usually take a sip of his drink. I know he's aroused, because I can see the straining bulge in his pants. So I casually unzip him and massage his cock while we talk. He can see my nipples swelling so he reaches for my tits and plays with them. I squeeze his cock appreciatively as he kisses my nipples.

Now I teasingly pull his boxers right off and we're both stark naked. I'm admiring his shaft and doing all the right things to it, such as squeezing and kneading the head and stroking it up and down. But not too briskly, because I want him to enjoy my massage for the maximum possible time before he comes.

He's still playing with my titties, sucking the nipples now, and he starts stroking his hand between my thighs. I lift one leg to let his hand in and throw back my head with pleasure as he starts fingering me in earnest.

Next I'm kneeling, but he still has one finger deep inside my cunt. We're both urging each other on. I feel his shaft start to beat and pulse, so I stop stroking him and switch the action to concentrated trench-kissing, mouthing him aggressively and thrusting my tongue inside and around his lips and cheeks. After a couple of minutes his arms tighten and he pulls me down. It's the signal that he wants to get it inside me without further delay, so I spread my legs wide as I straddle him.

His up thrust cock swoops hungrily into my pussy and I hold it there tightly with my vaginal muscles, working my thighs as I caress and squeeze its awesome maleness inside me and force myself down even further so it's into me to the hilt. I'm still throwing him compliments, saying how good he is. I also tease him about how big his dick is getting and I tell him his balls feel like lovely grapes against my crotch. I keep leaning forward, dangling my tits temptingly in his face. He squeezes them with both hands until I back off, sliding up on his cock again to the maximum depth.

By this time his face is contorted in ecstasy, his hips bucking up and down. I spread and close my thighs in time with him as his shaft pumps up and down my slippery canal.

Suddenly he's spurting strongly inside me. It's a deluge and I know how much he's enjoying it by the force of his ejaculation. He's still reaching up and thrusting wildly one minute after he's blown his wad. I sit there, smiling down at him in admiration. I tell him he's sensational, and then I start again.

That's how sex should always be, and' it's no wonder guys get so interested in professional girls when we show them exactly what they're missing. If only men would suggest these thrill packed techniques to your sex partners, think of how much better a sex life you could have—for tree. Women take note too: Be sure to pleasure your man!w









































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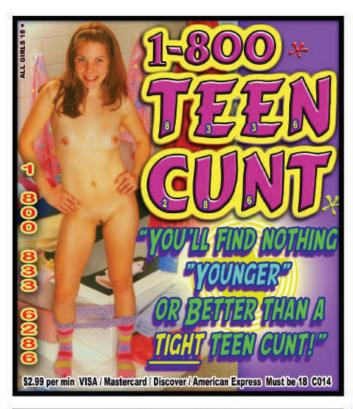


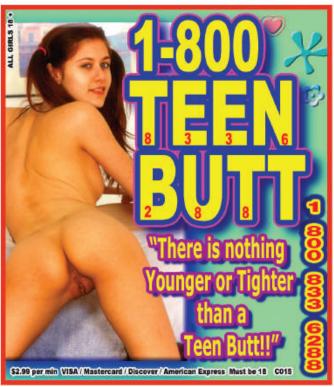


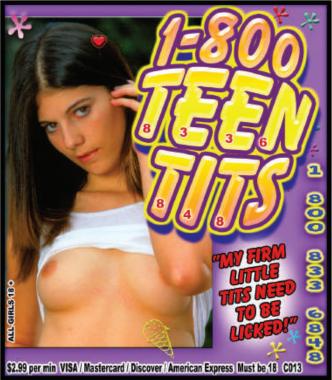




















































LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

CUNNING CAMPFIRE CUNNY

The crackling campfire was warm and cozy and perfect for toasting marshmallows.

I didn't bother to ask Trey if he wanted one. At the moment my boy-friend was focused on the bottle of whiskey in his hand. No big surprise. He always used our camping trips to get rip roaring drunk.

Having skewered three jumbo marshmallows on a straightened wire hanger, I sat Indian-style before the orange flames and waited for the mouth watering treat. Trey just gazed at the stars and hit the bottle, a major bummer for me as I was hoping he would hit something else, namely my pussy.

The gooey snack was delicious. Still, I would much rather have been filling my mouth with Trey's dick. At the rate he was drinking it wouldn't be long before he was far too trashed to get it up.

Trey had a nice cock. When sober, he never failed to make me come. But a sober Trey, at least while we were camping, was an exceedingly rare phenomenon.

That's why I had hatched tonight's caper . . .

If all went according to plan my boyfriend would soon be stone cold sober.

Now Trey got up to take a piss. "Be right back, babe," he told me.

No sooner had Trey skirted the campfire than Marty, my coworker and partner in crime, stepped out from behind a nearby tree. He looked absolutely horrifying in a gruesome Halloween mask. As promised, he had brought along his trusty chainsaw.

Marty yanked the cord. The chainsaw came to life, shrieking like the tortured souls in Hell. Holding the contraption aloft in both hands, he hollered crazily and charged Trey.

That's perfect, I thought, watching Marty's virtuoso performance. It wouldn't be long before he removed his mask and we all had a good laugh. Then Marty would leave. Trey, sobered by the scare, would be able to fuck me good and proper.

But that's not the way things played out.

No sooner had Marty cranked the chainsaw than Trey fainted, dropping to the ground as if he had been struck by a sniper's bullet. At first I feared a heart attack. Thankfully this wasn't the case. Marty, having pulled off his mask, knelt beside Trey and felt his neck.

"He's okay," he assured me.

"Wow, Marty! You really scared him!"

"Yeah, well, that was the plan."

We had expected Trey to freak out, sure, but not pass out. Standing there above my unconscious boyfriend, Marty regarded me and said, "Should we wake him up?"

"I have a better idea," I replied, crouching before him and tugging on his zipper.

Marty seemed uncertain at first, but I quickly dispelled his doubts with my ravenous mouth. Call me a slut, but I just couldn't wait any longer. Hell, for all I knew Trey could be unconscious for hours!

I greatly appreciated Marty's willingness to venture into the deep woods for my benefit. I owed him one.

Marty's was a nice dick, thick and long and oh-so tasty. I gobbled it aggressively, pumping my head to and fro with increasing speed. Moments later I took care of his ball bag. He



groaned appreciatively as I licked and sucked his nuts.

If he likes that, I reasoned, he'll love this . . .

Still servicing his balls with my mouth, I wrapped a hand around his rigid shaft and proceeded to stroke him. His manhood swelled in my palm, making me wetter by the second. I wanted Marty's big fat cock in my pussy.

And I wanted it now.

"Lie down," I told him. "I want to ride you."

Marty was all for it. He lay there on my sleeping bag, slowly jerking his prick while I removed my camping shorts and cotton panties. I started to unlace my hiking boots, but Marty stopped me, insisting that I leave them

I smiled. "A footwear fetish, huh?"
"Shut up and ride my cock," he

I straddled him and lowered my













hips. Pushing his hand aside, I took over with mine, guiding him inside my slick pussy. I rode Marty hard. He matched my movements, holding my waist and thrusting up inside me as I came down.

"Oh, shit! Yeah! Make my pussy come! Make it come!"

"Quiet down," Marty warned me.
"You're going to wake up Trey . . ."

"To hell with Trey," I told him. "I want to come!"

A powerful orgasm surged throughout my body, making me twitch and shudder. I sighed dreamily, rolled off of Marty, and finished him with my hand.

Having dressed hastily, Marty lifted his chainsaw from the ground. "It's been fun," he told me. "See you at work on Monday . . . "

I was toasting another round of marshmallows when Trey came to. He was disoriented and made no mention of a chainsaw wielding maniac. Wow, I reasoned, he doesn't remember a damned thing!

"What the hell happened?" he asked.

"Too much booze," I said. "You passed out."

Sober, but far too groggy for sex, Trey spent the remainder of the night in a sullen funk.

I couldn't have cared less.

Marty had taken real good care of mel

- Jill H., Boise, ID

STOCKING STUFFED

If you told me years ago that I'd be writing to a magazine, of any kind. I'd tell you I wasn't interested. Then if you told me that I'd me writing about myself, I'd say, that's not like me. And, if you said that I'd be writing about sex, I'd say never. Never in a million years. Well, times have changed and so have I. I believe I have found myself and enough self-confidence to do what I said I would never do.

So it goes like this... While I'm kinda tall for my age, I've been blessed with really nice, long legs. I like wearing short skirts that will allow me to



teasingly extend my legs. I also love to wear stockings, and all sorts of hot lingerie. Even more than stockings, I love the look and feel of the tight elastic of garter belts. My name is Shayla and this little trait of mine led me to posing for the camera when I was just nineteen; and it slowly became my libido's drive. Oddly enough this little pastime turned into my profession.

The feeling of the garters against my thighs, stretching the tops of my stockings up to them to fasten them securely on my legs – with their tricky hard little snaps and rings just make me melt. All of the subtle creases and shade gradations seem so much like the folds and colorations of pussy. To touch there softness and feel the folds is one step from climax.

By covering up my feet and thighs with stockings or with thigh-highs, make my exposed flesh feel quite bare by comparison! Just a short way up, my pussy is exposed and framed by the garter belt. My personal approach to photographic erotica has much to offer the stockings lover than most.

I understand the erotic feeling of sliding stockings over my legs and teasing my lover into submission with them. I try to capture the tactile qualities of the stockings I wear in my photos. I like to think about a guy thrusting his big cock into my moist, sweet pussy as I rub my silky stockings over him! I like how the wrinkles show the garments delicate stitches because they remind me of genitals.

I've had thousands of photos taken through the years but I just had to share this image of my sexy, long legs in a new pair of stockings for my nylon obsessed friends! I had bought these stockings to pose in for a fetish website, but of course I wasn't been able to resist wearing them after the shoot. I really like the back seams of stockings and love wrinkling up my feet and feeling how the nylon rubs against my soles. This pair feels so amazing. I probably will wear them all day and night. I hate to take them off.

When my agent calls and tells me I'm booked for a shoot, I never ask who is the client or who will be the photographer. The thrill of the unknown is so exciting. On my way to the photo studio, I took off my panties and smoothed out my stockings. I brought my antique lingerie as they asked, and of course, my red shoes. I thought about what the next eight hours would hold. Perhaps I'll seduce the photographer and let him fuck me while I wear the client's product.







Perhaps I'll fuck the client and let the photographer shoot us doing it. But this would have to happen after the shoot. While I'm on set, I'm the consummate professional. Whatever the photographer or client asks of me, I'll do it. I'm getting paid to do it. They are expecting good things from me and I do not disappoint.

As I pull into the parking lot and exit my car, I flash the valet guy and his jaw drops. I slide my finger under his chin as I walk to the studio door and look back to find him staring at me. A quick wink and I'm inside. After a long hour in the makeup chair, I'm finally ready. The client comes in and tells me he runs a successful long distance trucking company and wants to shoot a calendar that will keep his drivers motivated.

We go over the dozen or so poses; each one seeming a bit more risqué than the last. The photographer then calls me on set and I go – giving the client a little kiss on the cheek on the way out. The set is right out of The Maltese Falcon. Sam Spade's phone and typewriter sitting on this old office desk. Wood paneling and a plush burgundy leather chair finish the set. We start with a tan trench coat that quickly comes off to reveal my beige lingerie, nude stockings and red shoes.

I drop the coat on the chair and strike several poses while the strobes flash. After about an hour my bra top comes off and in another hour my panties come off. I'm posing on the desk, on my back on my knees, sitting, standing. Anyway pose they want of me. Each time I'm sure to keep my legs long and toes pointed. Then the hard part comes. They want me to remove my stockings. Believe it or not – I hesitate. The client did not mention that in the makeup room.

Without my stockings I really feel naked. I feel exposed. My pussy, just as naked before my stockings came off, wants to be covered. My cute little ass is just hanging out there. I pretend to be tired and take a fifteen minute break to compose myself. Like a trooper, I go back on set and in an-



other hour we are finished and I've given them just what they want.

I'm now in the dressing room packing up my things when the photographer comes in. He tells me he sensed my uncomfortableness but couldn't figure out why. I was just as exposed with the stockings on or off, wasn't I?

I told him it was not about my pussy, but rather my legs. He smiled knowingly and we had a quiet laugh. He asks if I had put the stockings back on and I showed him that I had. But I had not put my panties back on. He points that out and gently brushes my pubes as he does. I look at him and smile saying I usually don't wear them home.

I masturbate in the car driving home because the shoots always get me hot. I look at him and take his hand and place it on my mound. I'm hot for him but try not to be too obvious. He obliges by gently rubbing my clit and I respond with soft moans.

I pull my body closer to his hand and press it into me. He inserts his finger into my pussy, but I tell him no, I only want him to rub me. I feel it pull out, very wet and still probing. He begins to swirl his long finger harder around my clit and I'm getting wetter and wetter. I pull his huge cock out of his jeans and slip it between my stock-

inged legs. I squeeze it, preparing him for something he probably has never felt before. The feel of the nylon surprises him but I reassure him it will feel so good on his cock.

There's a smooth roughness to the fabric and it rubs him with just enough tactilness so it feels good. We're standing there in the dressing room with his hand rubbing on my wet clit and his cock between my long legs. I push gently against his balls and let them feel the fabric. I circle them with my toes before pushing one deeper between his leas. The heat between us rises as we rub each other until he breaks away and kneels down to lick me. I push him away and, still kneeling, goes back to using his fingers. He slowly moves his face in and begins to lick me again.

This time I let him, pulling his head deeper into my pussy so his tongue can reach every fold and bulge. He keeps at it, fingers then tongues, then fingers, then tongue. My body shudders as I climax with one of my long legs wrapped around his neck and back, my stockings still perfect. I get myself together, thank him and rush out the door as he shouts back "What about me!!!" I laugh and can't wait to masturbate again in the car.

- Shayla, now in Los Angeles

















































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va's back in all her regal splendor and ready to shed her lingerie for our photographer. After a slow striptease, she's feeling quite frisky. She beckons your imagination to take over. Wouldn't you love this sexy brunette to rub every drop of cum out of you by yanking and massaging your big, swollen cock? Yes, you would.















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